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345,468

WORLDS PER DAY.

Unimpeachable Testimony.

MAY 7TH, 1889.

A thorough examination of the Circulation of the Evening World, from May 1st to May 7th, 1889, has been made by the following gentlemen:

W. A. CAMP, Manager of the New York Clearing-House.

O. D. BALDWIN, President of the American Loan and Trust Co.

THOS. L. JAMES, President of the National Bank.

A SIMPLE PROBLEM:

81,109,709,520 (345,468)

AVERAGE NO. OF WORLDS

PRINTED DAILY DURING THE

MONTH OF MARCH LAST WAS 345,468

AVERAGE DAILY CIRCULATION

DURING THE MONTHS

OF JULY AND AUGUST, 1889, 345,873

IT TELLS A BAD STORY.

August Belmont has been "Snapper"

Gambon, and as some tell the tale, even

discharged that abject of jockeys, for not

riding Rascall to win in the Oriental. That

maifiance was, it is charged, merely the

climax in a sequence of such performances

on Gambon's part this season, though he,

of course, with straight face, protests he is

innocent as a babe.

Accuser Belmont is a square man. This

episode goes to establish the fact. His

horses so far as lies within his power and

knowledge are run to win. He is, moreover,

thorough enough to see and know whereof

he speaks. When, therefore, he accuses the

foremost American jockey of such trickery,

he challenges the attention of every person

who cares a rap for the future of the Ameri-

can turf. The status which it suggests is

anything but pleasing.

There are unlimited possibilities for the

development of the thoroughbred in this

country. The present is full of promise, but

honesty is the sole talisman of fulfillment.

Refrain, in all its departments must be kept

clean, and the duty of owners like Belmont—

in fact, of every owner—is to stamp with

severe condemnation aught that savors of

jobbery or robbery, no matter who suffers,

or what ills fall.

What isn't honest can do the turf no good.

FREED LACKS EXPERIENCE.

Mr. FREED, who affects the title and draws

the pay of the chief electrician of the English

Post-Office Department, scoffs at our Ameri-

can notion of executing murderers by elec-

tricity. There can be no current, he declares,

of sufficient intensity to kill a man with certainty.

How does he know it? He says he has

tried a 20-inch spark on a pig, and it did

not produce death. Furthermore, he says,

all the stories of death by accidental contact

with live wires have been proven false.

Mr. FREED is making a scientific use of

himself. He ought to read the records of the

New York Coroner's office, and then, in the

real of empiricism, go sport among the shame-

lessly naked wires in Chrystie street.

A WELCOME GUEST.

Welcome, Jack Frost, playful sprite and

seasonable artist that you are. Thrive wel-

come, herald of snug, cheery old Winter and

glad holidays. Your breath is life.

Cities, in whose narrow ways disease lurks

through the summer heat, cry welcome to

your coming. And the country, spread

smiling in the morning sun, glitens in the

vestment your magic has wrought. The

chestnut burrs open at your bidding, the

Bourbon are upon your loved land. Ere
long the clean-lined colts will cease to kick
up his aristocratic heels in the blue grass,
and the last "Colonel" will "go forth
companionless." It's sad.

A woman who fell into the "river," as
Chicago in true Western real estate pride
calls its open sewer, swallowed a bit of the
filthy water and died. The doctors decided
it was the drink and not drowning that killed
her. Neither fish, flesh nor fowl can taste
that noxious fluid and live. What most the
air be?

MAYOR GRANT'S circular to Governors,
Mayors and Congressmen asking their in-
fluence to aid in securing the Fair for New
York, wasn't such a piece of "iron nerve"
after all to judge from the affirmative answers
received. Commissioner DOUGLASS might
better have kept still until some one else had
said.

The college year began yesterday at Yale,
Princeton and Rutgers, and at each home of
learning the incoming class is bigger than
ever before. It beats all what an interest
Americans take in athletic sports of all kinds.

FANCIES.

When Tanner gets on the stump in Ohio whom
will he "bust," Foraker or the other fellow?

Nine of Baltimore's society girls have formed
a baseball team. There is some rivalry for the
position behind the bat, as they are all anxious
to make a good catch.

Our giants with their little bats.
Have brought the peanut near.
If they will give the Phillies a hit,
There's nothing more to fear.

John Morris took his sweetheart to a picnic
and then took \$150 worth of jewelry belonging
to her sister. He is now pickpicking in the
Tomb.

Ed Ahearn, who killed Tom Jackson in a prize-
fight at St. Louis, has been arrested for murder.
If they'll only hang him now.

Our Consul at Trinidad and Tobago writes
that the Arab criminals confined on these
islands are about to be turned loose on the
United States. Johnny, get your gun.

A Syracuse girl, an hour before her wedding
was to have taken place yesterday, went and
married another man. The disappointed groom
is reported to be buried in grief. He ought to be
rejoicing, for suppose she had done it an hour
after.

Home from the club he comes, the hour is late,
And finds his wife waiting, stern as fate.
How true to him the poet's words appear:
"From day to grave, from lively to severe."

"President Harrison," says a despatch from
New York, "passed the first cold day of the Fall
in looking over the case." It will be a cold
day when he gets a respite.

The baby King of Spain has had another
attack of colic. Judging from some of the bulle-
tins on the McKee youngster, juvenile royalty
in Spain must have some points in common
with that in America. Uneasy lies the "tum"
that wears a crown.

Fires had better steer clear of Carlisle, Pa.,
just now, for 5,000 visiting firemen are there.

He heard it all. "Mr. Nice, are you ill?"
asked little Johnnie, toddle the other evening
of his sister's last fall.
"Why, no, Johnnie; what makes you ask
such a question?"
"Oh, because I heard sister say to mamma
that she thought you must be sick to think she'd
marry you for nothing but looks."—*American
Commercial Traveler.*

Mr. Westergren, of Rockford, Ill., dressed
himself in his best suit on Monday, shaved care-
fully, put a high polish on his boots, and light-
ing a good cigar walked leisurely down to the
river bank. There he lay down carefully on the
grass, tied a silk handkerchief about his neck
and gave his clothes from blood-stains, and put a
bullet through his head.

OFF THE STAGE.

Mrs. Georgie Drew Barrymore, the wife of
Maurice Barrymore, is the mother of three in-
teresting children. Mrs. Barrymore is the
daughter of old John Drew and the sister
of John and Sidney Drew. She is now travelling
theatrically.

E. H. Vanderfelt is a model husband. He is
never seen without his wife, who is a highly
educated English woman. Mr. Vanderfelt and
his wife both dress very weirdly in the street.
They have several children, the latest infant
having occurred recently.

T. J. Herndon, the "old man" actor, is a
widower. He lost his wife last season while
travelling with Miss Catherine Coleman in
"Among the Pines." Mr. Herndon died in
Chicago. She was playing the companion role
to that assigned to her husband.

Miss Clara Morris has a charming country
home at Riverdale-on-the-Hudson. She has a
number of horses of which she is extremely
fond. Miss Morris is Mrs. Harriott in private
life. She is a delightful hostess to her fortunate
guests.

MEN OF MUSCLE.

E. J. Ryan is the captain of the Allerton Ath-
letic Club, "and is a right good captain, too."
He keeps the boys at work and permits no shirk-
ing.

"Which shall I be?" he pondered, as with the
clock struck nine, and Pontifex was study-
ing what to do.
Five dollars was his worthy wealth—his marriage
set for all.

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POLITICAL ECHOES.

Thomas C. Platt's latest visit to Washington
on the eve of the Republican State Convention
is causing the political gossip to ask questions
regarding its import.

Tammany's braves object to being herded.
They will not patronize the Syracuse bonifaces
who propose to bunk them three in a room on
the occasion of the State Convention.

Assemblyman Nison, of Washington County,
thinks \$5,000 a big price to pay for the Republi-
can nomination for Senator. He says he isn't
used to paying city prices.

Senator Grady doesn't like it because THE
EVENING WORLD suggested that the fear of de-
feat might lead him to ask for his return to the
Senate from other than the Sixth District.

The Anti-O'Brienites of the Eighth Assembly
District have rechristened their Club "Loyal."
John J. O'Brien says that the people to whom
they claim loyalty are welcome to them, as most
of them are ingrates who have been disloyal to
him.

Col. E. H. McAlpin, the tobacco manufac-
turer, is spoken of as the Republican candidate
for Congress to succeed the late E. S. Cox.
Col. McAlpin's factories are in the district, and
his hundreds of employees are expected to vote
solidly for him.

The nucleus of a new Democracy which may
succeed the Counties has been formed in the
Harlem Democratic Club. Regardless of the
action of other Democratic organizations, this
Club proposes to nominate candidates for As-
sembly in both the Nineteenth and Twenty-
third Districts.

FASHION FOIBLES.

For \$30 you can buy a French-made petticoat
of cream-colored silk that will fit you like a
Burns Jones gown and keep your aesthetic
sensibilities in a prolonged state of intoxication.
The trimming is composed of a series of lace and
silk ruffles, and the hem is edged with a velvet
powder, the source of the exquisitely overow-
ring odor.

This is to be a season of brown. The fashion
record contains almond, amber, seal, brandy,
nut, cigar, chocolate, dunduckety, freckle an
oohre, and you can take your choice, child,
dear.

The most select bellas of society use a call-
ing card to answer correspondents. Letter-
writing, like the Democratic party, seems to
have fallen into a state of innocuousness. As
even the Vanderbilt reply to notes on a card de-
visite, and Mrs. William B. Astor seldom uses
anything else for business notes, regrets and
messages of congratulation.

Cards for net parties are the same size as those
used by the mistresses, and the word "cat" or
"dog" appears in one of the lower corners. In
response a basket, blanket, bridge, collar or
drinking-bowl is sent to the hospitable little
brute with the compliments of the recipient.

It takes a girl a term of fifteen lessons to
master the angular English style of penman-
ship.

There are penholders of tinted celluloid, as
light in weight as a quill, designed to match the
mercury pens in which beauty arrays herself.
Mucilage bottles are put in silver covers that
fit about the only little green glass vials after
the manner of the plated moulds in which
champagne bottles are sometimes encased.

Opal blue is the dominant tint for fashionable
stationery, and the address, motto and crest are
done in scarlet, with a thread-line finish of gold
or silver.

STOLEN RHYMES.

The Pigeon and the Owl.

There was once a pigeon, as I have heard say.

Who would be a poet, and so he said.

So he thought to himself, "I will go to the Owl,

For he is a poet, and so he said."

And if all he tells me I can't do,
I'll surely get wisdom." Away then she flew.

When little Miss Pigeon arrived at the barn
She found the Owl there;

Most humbly she bowed, and said, "My wish, but the
Owl."

"Well, well," thought Miss Pigeon, "of course
I can wait."

I won't interrupt him; his wisdom is great."

She waited and waited. At last the Owl blinked.

"You'll never be wise, foolish Pigeon, unless
You stay in the dark."

And cry "Hoo-hoo-hoo" with all of your might."

So little Miss Pigeon to practice began;
But all she could do

Her eyes would not stretch and her voice would
not change.

"I'm so gentle, you see,
And she thought a sad cold from the night's
damp chill.

And lacking the sunshine besides, she fell ill.

Then little Miss Pigeon gave up being wise;
For, plainly," said she,

"Though owls are the wisest of birds, theirs is
not."

The wisdom for me;
So I'll be the very best pigeon I can."

And what do you think? She grew wise on that
pin!" —*Little Stock.*

The Miller's Wooing.

"Love me little, love me long,"

Sang the daisy miller,

To his wheat art and his song
Did a maid and thrill her.

"Did me barley, boy, oh, give
Me one crumb of comfort;

I would eat out on rice and live,
Holding on to some sort."

"In your eyes now love-looks shine,
There lies a cruel pleasure.

Oh, Johnny, joys are mine,
Filling up my measure."

Came the maiden's corn-fall laugh
At the miller's fawning;

"You can't win with a girl with chaff—
Sir! to you, good morning!" —*London Sporting Times.*

The Lady and the Tiger?

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OUR LITTLE FOLK.

More Candidates for "The Evening
World's" Prize Baby Contest.

Hundreds of Anxious Mamas En-
ter Their Little Darlings.

All Nationalities and Kinds Are Sending
In Representatives.

Mothers who send photographs of their
little cherubs to enter THE EVENING WORLD'S
Prize Baby Contest cannot be too
careful in regard to observing every detail of
the contest. Yesterday a letter was received
from Mrs. Edward O. Fanning, of No. 177



LEON E. WEILL, JR.

Fiftieth street, South Brooklyn, but no pic-
ture accompanied it, and of course it cannot
be printed until it arrives.

Another mother wants to know if her baby
can enter the contest if she brings it to THE
EVENING WORLD office, as she fears her little
one is too young to have her picture taken.

While Miss Nelson and the young man who
takes care of the precious photograph gallery



GEORGE A. E. HAGUE.

would like very much to see Mrs. Wade's
baby, they would be doing an injustice to
hundreds of other mothers who would much
rather exhibit the babies themselves than
their pictures, and therefore we must regret-
fully answer, "No."

It may be of interest to Mrs. Wade to know
that there is already a youngster, four months
old, entered in the contest, even younger than
her baby.

Leon E. Weill, Jr., is the name of the young
gentleman who leads off the display of pretty



E. D. GAULT.

babies to-day. Leon is nineteen months old
and he was born in Cleveland, O. He is
named after his father, who is a commercial
traveler, thirty-four years old, and lives at
No. 235 West Fif